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A Moral Citadel

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A MORAL CITADEL

A Sketch of the Lake Mohonk Conferences

By
ISABEL C. BARROWS

A WORD TO THE READER

A GENEROUS Massachusetts lady, who is deeply interested in Indian education, was anxious to have the work of the Mohonk Indian Conference more widely known. For that purpose she offered to reprint an article that appeared in *The Outlook* in March, 1911, and have it distributed by the National Indian Association. Hence this little pamphlet.

This annual Indian Conference has had a profound influence on public opinion and in securing many reforms. Though the original scope has been widened to include races belonging to various parts of our new possessions, yet the chief interest seems still to centre in the welfare of our own red men. Among the things that have been settled since the first Indian Conference are the following, as summed up by *The Independent:* That all Indians must be educated in the English language ; that the distribution of rations must stop and Indians be expected to work and earn a living like the rest of us; that for this purpose the tribal system must be broken up, and the Indians must be settled each on his individual holding of land, and that they be incorporated as rapidly as possible into the general body politic. * * * It is likely to be a further policy to give citizenship to the Indian as soon as he receives his allotted land, so that as a voter he can protect himself. The Government Indian schools will be reduced and the Indian children put in the public schools of the States. It is also very desirable that as the tribal lands are divided up in severalty, so also the tribal funds be allotted and each Indian be given his portion as soon as can safely be done. In certain cases old Indian communities, like Pueblos

and the Pimos of California and Arizona, who have for centuries lived by irrigation and agriculture, need special protection, because their rich lands are wanted by white settlers, and in the case of the Pimos their water has been diverted by those who have settled above them. We doubt not that the Indian Bureau will protect their rights, and if necessary give them from reservoirs other water to supply the loss. It was a pleasure [at the last Conference] to observe the genuine devotion of the Bureau to the task of civilization and the protection of Indian rights.

The sketches of the Negro and Arbitration Conferences which are included in this reprint show how all-embracing is the practical philantrophy of Mr. Smiley. The spirit of good-will and the demand for justice and right as felt on the sunlit hills of Mohonk are from there spread over the world and happy are they who may share in that spirit and help to diffuse it!

I. C. B.

LAKE MOHONK

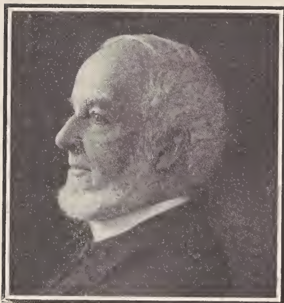
A MORAL CITADEL

By Isabel C. Barrows

THIS is no Middle Age stronghold, no "mighty fortress," perched on an inaccessible rock. It lies open to all the winds that blow, amid smiling gardens and sunlit forests, while a beautiful mountain tarn reflects the gray stone towers and the beetling cliffs of Skytop. What matter that most of those familiar with Mohonk think of it as a model hostelry with luxury at command? Let them rejoice in its fireproof walls, its glorious open fires, its fine baths, and its palatial dining-hall, where nectar and ambrosia are daily served. We who look back to the early days in the quaint old structure

that first received us, with the dining-room so low that a tall man could lay his hand on the ceiling, the parlor commonplace, and steam heat unknown, love the memory of those days of sweet simplicity which accorded so well with the high thinking and the warm hearts of the host and hostess who spelled hotel h-o-m-e.

Once upon a time there were two brothers, twin by birth and in ideals. They had long been school-teachers, and they loved nature and peace. In the course of years they found and settled on this beautiful Shawangunk range of low mountains, under the shadow of the Catskills, and at one end Mr. Albert K. Smiley built up Mohonk, and builded better than he knew. After improving his own doorway and converting all his neighbors into industrious and helpful fellow-citizens, he looked abroad for other work to do. The powers-that-were in Washington promptly seized him and set him to studying the Indian question as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. We had taught the Indians our vices and had not adopted their virtues, and little had been done to fit them to enter our civilized fold. So Mr. Smiley, and General Whittlesey, also of the Commission, were sent to Dakota on a special mission. While in Dakota they quite accidentally fell in with a number of mission workers and others who happened at that time to be investigating, for personal or official reasons, conditions among the Sioux, and it seemed a very natural thing for them to come together for an informal discussion of Sioux problems, which they did at the home of the Riggses, the well-known missionaries. Among those present



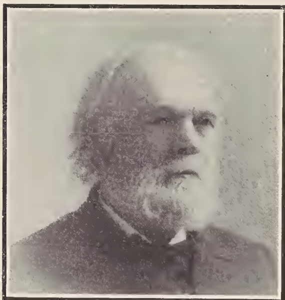
ALBERT K. SMILEY

were Bishop Hare and Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the "Independent." The conference lasted four days, during which the Sioux problem was thoroughly discussed in detail. Mr. Smiley had been dissatisfied, and had openly expressed his dissatisfaction, with the one-day meetings of the Board of Indian Commissioners in Washington, and the value of this conference in Dakota so impressed him that he then and there announced his intention of calling together his fellow-conferees and others for a conference at his Lake Mohonk home that fall. Thus originated the idea of the Mohonk Conferences, and as a result of that idea eight thousand guests have spent halcyon days in that ideal union of work and enjoyment afforded by those Conferences. It is to a sketch of the personal memories of the

thirty-two of the forty-five Mohonk Conferences, Indian, Negro, and Arbitration, which she has attended, that the present writer addresses herself.

THE INDIAN CONFERENCE

On the 10th of October, 1883, a little group of men and women gathered in the low-studded parlor, with the open fires and the magnificent rock crystals—found in the neighborhood—heaped high between the pillars. The men were General Fisk, genial, true, fearless, and wise; General Whittlesey, the patient saint whose judgment seemed as unerring as his manner was gracious; Mr. W. H. Lyon, the embodiment of rugged honesty; General Armstrong, that Bayard *sans reproche,* whose fiery zeal for the black people and the red had been kindled in his missionary home in Hawaii; Dr. Foster, alert and sympathetic; President Rhoads, of Bryn Mawr, solid in his honesty and kind in his ways; C. C. Painter, even then swinging his trenchant blade in behalf of the Indians, to whom he was faithful till death; Mr. Herbert Welsh, who acted as secretary, and others. That was the beginning of the Conference of the friends of the Indian which, without intermission, has met yearly upon the hilltop to study the characteristics of "the vanishing race," and how to make good citizens of them. Events shaped themselves with great deliberation, we thought then. The mills of the gods seemed endlessly slow. But to read the whole series of proceedings, three thousand pages, within a week, gives one an entirely different picture. It unrolls so fast that we wonder that we could have been impatient.



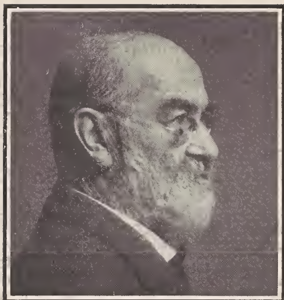
GENERAL WHITTLESEY

Mr. Smiley's idea was to have a conference of a week, but his guests convinced him that it would be difficult to hold the attendance for more than three days, which has since been the length of each Conference.

At the very first Conference, land, law, and education for the Indian led the way, and this for a quarter of a century was the burden of the demand. Incidentally agents, traders, rations, tribal funds, were discussed, and of course the religious side was seriously considered. It was urged that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs should be equal in power to the Commissioner of Education or the Commissioner of Agriculture. The Sioux bill to open the great reservation to white settlers was also under fire. The plan was to reimburse the Indians with a million

dollars in cash, 25,000 breeding cows, and 1,000 bulls, letting the white men buy the land at fifty cents an acre.

Women from the first took a prominent part with their husbands and brothers at Mohonk. One of the earliest to share in the deliberations, as she was the first to allot land to Indians, was Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who "added fresh luster to American womanhood, representing, as she does, the scientific student and the practical humanitarian." Before the Dawes Bill was passed seven hundred acres of Omaha land were under the individual plow, thanks to her sterling work. Later she allotted land to the Winnebagoes and the Nez Percés. Helen Hunt Jackson had recently passed away, and tributes were paid to her memory, not alone on account of her charming writings, but because it was she who drew up the bill in behalf of the Mission Indians. And there was Miss Alice Robertson, glorying in the fact that nearly a hundred years of missionary labors lay behind her and her family, and that her father, for his love of liberty, had spent weary months and years in a Georgia prison, as one might to-day in Russia. And Miss Cook, of the Indian Office, the best-known and the best-equipped employee in that office, who, after more than thirty years of service, keeps on the even tenor of her way, even correcting the figures of this article up to date. Republicans and Democrats have taken their turn at the wheel of state, but neither could spare this little pilot. And of practical workers from the field there were Mrs. Roe, whose sweet voice and earnest plea at one of the Conferences led



DR. WILLIAM H. WARD

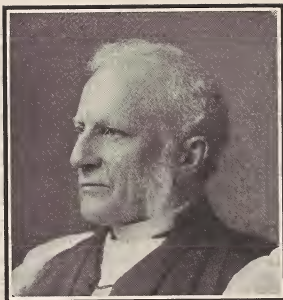
Mr. Smiley to interrupt the proceedings and within a few minutes to raise the money which brought Mohonk Lodge into existence in about the time it took Jonah's gourd to spring up; and Miss Collins, who has served the mission cause so heroically, lo! these many years, that, like her place of residence, she too is called a "Standing Rock," though the Indians give her the gentler name of "Winona." And there were the representatives of women's societies—Mrs. Bullard, of Boston; Mrs. Kinney, of Connecticut; Mrs. Quinton, of Pennsylvania; and others whose faces rise one by one as we recall the early Mohonk days.

From Carlisle came Captain—now General—Pratt, the head of the Indian School. His name brings up the remembrance of battles royal, for

there were giants in those days. His war-cry was, Scatter the Indians among the whites! As there were but a quarter of a million they could easily be immersed in civilization, he was sure. Admirably did he succeed in scattering his Indian boys and girls among the farmers of Pennsylvania. The meetings were sure to be spicy when he was there, for he could throw down any gauntlet he desired. Man of peace that he was, Mr. Smiley rather liked a fair fight if only there were honesty of purpose and harmony of decision. The gauntlet that was "hole-proof" in Captain Pratt's hands was civil service. Endowed with a genius for reading character, he would thank no man, politician or otherwise, to select his teachers. He would not even trust that "Grand Mogul of civil service," as he called him, Theodore Roosevelt, to pick out men for him.

Another vigorous and piquant speaker was Mr. Painter. When he was stanchly defending a proposed commission to take the place of the Indian Bureau, Senator Dawes dryly retorted, "Your driving out one swarm of bees and taking a new one in doesn't help the matter at all."

When the Indian Conferences began, it was an iridescent dream on the part of a few that the Indian should have his own land and home. "We shall never live to see it," sighed the doubters. Yet the passage of the Dawes Bill, giving land in severalty, was reported at the fifth Conference. And to-day more than twenty-eight million acres have been allotted to 182,085 Indians. That is progress in less than a quarter of a century! Mr. Painter was always quick to reply to his adversary. Still arguing for a con-



BISHOP HARE

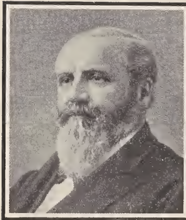
tinuance of the old Bureau, some one had said that it was not well to take away the crutches from a man with a broken leg. "No," flashed back Mr. Painter, "but it is a mistake not to distinguish between millstones round the neck and crutches." He needed no stronger word to express his opinion of the Indian service.

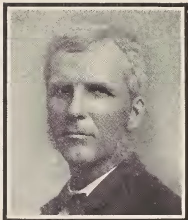
Mr. Austin Abbott was the Damascus blade of this, and later of the Arbitration Conference, so keen, yet so pliant. We like to remember his tone of earnest conviction as he declared, "In the United States you cannot have even the beginnings of citizenship without the whole of religious liberty." His brother, Dr. Lyman Abbott, has been early and late at the Mohonk Conferences, a leader in each. Here is a clear-cut sentence out of one of his many addresses:

"After all, religion is a matter of personal conduct. It is not a question of the catechism; it is a question of life. . . . If you put in a teacher with an unorthodox catechism and an orthodox heart, the Indians will come out baptized by the presence of his saintly soul." These things were said with reference to contract schools conducted by various religious bodies, and as to how far the Government should allow religious teaching.

Another brisk debate was on teaching English to the Indians, for the missionaries used the vernacular dialects in their schools. Dr. Abbott declared that " the impalpable walls of language are more impenetrable than walls of stone"; to leave the Indian hedged about by ignorance of the language of his neighbors "would be to convert him from the gypsy isolated into a gypsy of the neighborhood." The Indians had little schooling in those days. Now there are more than forty thousand Indian children in school, and the Government grants more than four million dollars yearly to carry on its educational work.

In those far-off days the schools, as they were one by one established, suffered from the frequent changes of teachers as a result of the spoils system. How often these changes were rung in let Mr. Painter tell us. "In 1886, out of seventy-two boarding-schools, forty-three had two or more superintendents during the year, seven had three, two had four, and one had five! Job said he would wait all his appointed days until his change came. It would be no great strain upon his traditional patience to wait for one's change in the office of principal of an Indian boarding-school."


GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK

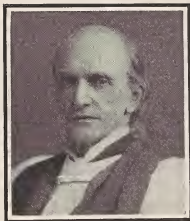

GENERAL ARMSTRONG

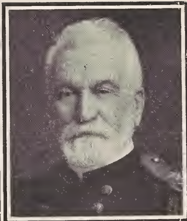
As the Conferences grew in importance they attracted a larger number of distinguished people. Fortunate the man who had a seat for an afternoon drive—for charming drives about the great estate alternated with the long and serious indoor meetings—with John Burroughs, for instance; or who was sandwiched in between Dr. D. C. Gilman and delightful General Marshall; or who sat behind Miss Anna Dawes and President Slocum and watched for the shafts of wit and fun; or joined in learned discussions with Mr. Seth Low and Judge Francis Wayland. Myriads of anecdotes floated off among the trees, usually told to illustrate a point, as when Miss Cook told of an old colored man who rowed her over the Potomac, and when, as ever, eager for statistics, she asked him how much he could earn in a day, he replied: "Sometimes I gits ten cents a day, Miss, and then I lives down to it. And sometimes I gits a dollar a day, and then I lives up to it; but I keeps on livin' all the

time." So the Indian question keeps on living all the time, and the picayune sum once voted by Congress has climbed up into these millions.

Our Dorcas of Mohonk was Miss Sybil Carter, a direct descendant of Sam Adams. She was like an embodied soul moving about in her nun-like dress, using her deft fingers to teach little bands of Indian women to make the exquisite filmy lace, as white as snow, which she brought to the Conference to sell for her industrious lacemakers. Miss Carter was also instrumental in having a kiln for pottery erected, and she told once about an intelligent young Indian who watched the first cup come out with a glaze. He saw at once what this meant for his people, and leaped for joy. "Oh," said Miss Carter, whose own unquenchable enthusiasm was sometimes chilled a little by the stolid dignity of the Indian, "I would like to have seen that Indian jumping up and down! I would like to have seen one enthusiastic Indian, just one, in my lifetime!" It gives one a pang to think that her soft Southern voice will be heard no more at the Indian Conference.

Once there came a meeting which Senator Dawes could not attend, but he sent a telegram of regret, adding, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye as he wrote it, I am sure: "May the Mohonk Reservation never be divided in severalty. We suggest contract with Mr. Smiley for all Indian schools." Dear man, greatly beloved, as modest as he was distinguished, as upright as he was learned, may Indians to the last generation revere his name! But we who sat at his feet and learned of him also are glad that he could mix a little nonsense with his wisdom.


BISHOP WHIPPLE

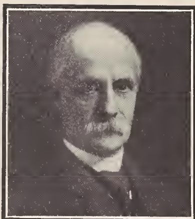

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

Education for the Indian had its leaders in General Thomas J. Morgan, Dr. W. H. Hailmann, Miss Estelle Reed, and others. Law was upheld by men like Austin Abbott, F. J. Stimson, J. B. Thayer, and not a few others, including some like Philip Garrett, the unblemished, who demanded law for them as a matter of justice. Army officers there were too who were warm friends of the Indian, men like Captain Wotherspoon, who had charge of the captured Apaches, and who says of Geronimo: "This savage came down to Alabama, this savage who never drank a drop of liquor, who never told a lie, who never stole a thing, except what he considered fair booty in war, and I made him my justice of the peace, to give judgment in petty Indian offenses; and he got thirty-five cents a day for it and was a very excellent judge." General O. O. Howard had been the one to select Captain Wotherspoon for the work he did so well. Now both are gone, the good general

and the rugged old captive to whom, after all, fate was kinder than he thought. General Charles Howard, who had exchanged his sword for a pruning-hook and his tent for the editorial office of an agricultural paper, was another army friend of the Indian, as was Captain Bourke, that royal fighter and talker who had never known a wild Indian to lie or steal, and who thought that the Government expected too much when it demanded employees for fifteen hundred dollars a year who should be "two-legged exponents of the Ten Commandments." He made the sensible suggestion that the Indians shoud be taught to raise varied crops of fruits and vegetables, "because these things would wean them away from base food," and he wanted the Government to give premiums for the cleanest houses and finest children among the Indians.

Of the clergy there were hosts, for every denomination was invited to send those who represented mission work among the various tribes. Dearest of all to the hearts of the original Mohonk disciples was the saintly Bishop Whipple. Yet so inconsequential is memory that as I try to recall his charmingly sympathetic addresses, with the touching stories of his flock in the wilderness, the first anecdote to jump to the fore is of the cleverness of certain Indians who carried an election in Minnesota once upon a time. The law was that any Indian who wore a civilized dress could vote. "We had a close election," said the Bishop, "and the next morning we found the whole tribe had been run through one pair of hickory breeches and shirt, and their vote knocked us higher than a kite." People astute

ARCHBISHOP RYAN



S. J. BARROWS

enough to adopt such a ruse, he thought, would eventually have to be reckoned with in politics. To show how even the pagan belief allowed them to reverse what was sacred to others, Bishop Whipple told of an unconverted Indian woman who at the beginning of the terrible Sioux outbreak rescued from the mission chapel the big Bible and buried it in the forest and made a long journey to tell him that "the words of the Great Spirit were safe." "The good woman thought that it was the only Bible in the world."

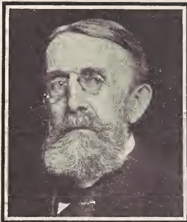
The Indians had their human failings, even their best friends confessed, and one of them was dislike for civilized work. Senator Dawes used to tell of one who finally forsook the tepee and built himself a little house. But so great was his dread of ridicule because he had taken up white man's ways that if he saw any one coming he would sit down on a log and smoke and set his wife to chopping. His wife lives in the house now, he works all day, and snaps his fingers at

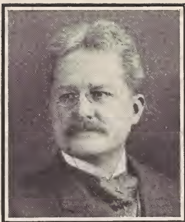
Indians who will not work. "If a Crow Indian can reach that stage in four years," said the Senator, "it is very hopeful."

Educated Indians, like Dr. Eastman (a graduate of Dartmouth College) Mr. Montezuma, and others, have shared in the deliberations of the Conference, as well as many Indians who have not had such advantages of culture, and they are always warmly welcomed.

Most of the reforms asked for by the Mohonk Indian Conference have been inaugurated, if not actually carried out; the old reservation system is practically overthrown, though there remain more than forty-eight millions acres of land to allot. The abolition of the spoils system in the appointment of agents has gone into effect. Farmers and field matrons to the number of 394 are employed to teach the methods of the civilized life, and nearly as many to train the Indians in carpentry and other industries. Measures have been adopted to ward off tuberculosis and other preventable diseases. Religious zeal has been encouraged and the work of the missionaries upheld. The church membership is large, at least thirty-five thousand being communicants. Mr. Roosevelt at one Conference told of attending a woman's meeting among the Sioux where in one afternoon these Indian women contributed $2,500 for missionary purposes, a sum representing great self-sacrifice and devotion to their new faith.

From the outset editors among the membership of the Conference have spread the facts and aspirations of that body. The wings of the press were like carrier pigeons. In one session alone the "chiels amang them takin' notes" were


ANDREW D. WHITE


FRANCIS E. LEUPP

Messrs. Abbott, of "The Outlook"; Ward, of the "Independent;" Barrows, of the "Christian Register;" Buckley, of the "Christian Advocate;" Ferris, of the "Intelligencer;" Wayland, of the "National Baptist;" Dunning, of the "Congregationalist;" Gilbert, of the "Advance;" Kinney, of the "Courant;" Bright and Hallock, of the "Christian Work;" McElroy, of the "Tribune;" and La Salle Maynard, who represented a syndicate of papers.

Of these editors Dr. Ward, who was at that first meeting on the reservation, is still a power in the annual gathering. Dr. Abbott has driven a regular *troika* as a leader in the three Conferences which bear the name of Mohonk. When he speaks the Conference listens, and when he writes the readers of "The Outlook" know what is going on in this country for the Indian and other dependent races. Many Government officials have helped to carry out the suggestions from this citadel of light. When one recalls the list

of Commissioners of Indian Affairs who have shared in these deliberations, the names of Price, Jones, Morgan, Leupp, come quickly to the lips, though they are not all who have in this way honored the position they held.

There are other names we do not forget: Mr. Houghton, the publisher; Mr. Frank Wood, so long the treasurer; Mr. J. W. Davis, the faithful secretary; and many business men who gave of their wealth as these gave of their time. It is this commingling of idealists with practical men of affairs, of army men and missionaries, of Congressmen and philosophers, which has kept the discussions at Mohonk safe and sane. Level-headed, large-hearted, clear-sighted men and women of faith, hope, and charity have made up the body of the Conference, the central soul of which has been that man of large and far-seeing vision Albert K. Smiley.

OTHER DEPENDENT RACES.

As the years sped the Indian problem came nearer and nearer a practical solution, and no longer required as full discussion as in the early years of the Conference. Meanwhile the United States had assumed new responsibilities, and it occurred to Mr. Smiley and his brother, Mr. Daniel Smiley, that the Mohonk Conference might well perform a duty for other races than the red. Accordingly, by 1900 the Platform declared that new days had brought new duties, and Hawaii and Porto Rico were placed upon the programme, followed in 1901 by the Philippines.

Since then the new dependencies have always

had a place, and in 1904 the name was changed to the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and other Dependent Peoples. With this change came a large addition to the membership. The hospitality of the Smiley family grew with the growth of the subjects under discussion, and new hundreds of guests came from this and other lands. Colonel Higginson was one of this new array, and his address on "The Path of Empire," in 1900, was as fearless as he has always proved himself in peace as well as war. At the close Mr. Smiley declared that he was delighted with its frankness and courtesy, "for I like an independent statement, *even if I do not agree with it.*"

Professor Jenks, Professor Rowe, Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, General Goodale, the Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, many of the highest officials in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, and dozens of others have enlightened the Mohonk Conferences on what is going on or what should be done for the various dependent peoples, and doubtless Congressional legislation will be helped by these discussions, as it surely has been in the past by the utterances of the Mohonk Conference. True, the Smiley tribe and their adherents have been scoffed at by the unregenerate as "rainbow-chasers," but they have seen in the rainbow they have chased the bow of promise arching over needy humanity, and their idealistic suggestions have one by one been embodied in law, as any student can find out for himself if he will compare the twenty-seven Platforms with legislation during the same number of years.

Mr. Smiley has steadily followed his ideal *"ohne Hast, ohne Rast,"* and to few men has it been given to see the results of patient, unwearied effort followed by such rich fruition. Other men have helped to guide his Conferences with wisdom, wit, and skill (for it has taken all three at times to keep perfect peace and bring the members to a unanimous acceptance of the Platform) during the twenty-seven years—nine presiding officers in all: Clinton B. Fisk, M. E. Gates, Philip C. Garrett, S. J. Barrows, John D. Long, C. J. Bonaparte, Lyman Abbott, A. S. Draper, and Elmer E. Brown—good men and true, whose names will be remembered even if the alphabetical symbols which might be attached to them are here omitted.

How many seats are vacant in that lordly room where the Conference is now held! One by one leaders have fallen, and those who were left have paid their tribute of loving praise and then passed on to receive in turn the well-merited word of recognition from those who loved and honored them. But, happily, the gracious head of this nobly patriotic work, his gentle wife, his kind and efficient brother Daniel and *his* ever-delightful wife and family, still bless the world by their presence and make glad their many friends. One may not venture to speak the words of loving admiration that rise spontaneously from our hearts, for one is sorely put to it, in such a case, to say enough and not too much; but silence still is golden.

The breadth and catholicity of the Mohonk Conferences has often been remarked. Mr. Barrows once called attention to it in a striking little

fact. It was when the distinguished and beloved Archbishop Ryan was present with his companion, Dr. Ganss. The latter was a fine musician, and played much between the sessions for the delight of the people. One day he was rendering a selection from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" as the members were coming in. "It struck me," said Mr. Barrows, "as interesting that Luther's hymn was being played by a Catholic priest in a Quaker house, and that a Jew had written the music." It seemed to epitomize the spirit of Mohonk, where men and women of differing faiths united in the prayer of the good Catholic archbishop: "We believe in the same Lord and the same God. Let us work together, let us love one another and work for one another. Let us work for humanity through the love of the God of humanity."

THE NEGRO CONFERENCE.

Mr. Smiley had always taken a deep interest in the elevation of the Negro race, and it had frequently occurred to him that a conference for the discussion of Negro problems might be of value. It happened, however, that near the close of the Indian Conference in 1889 ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes arose and stated that he had been powerfully moved by the discussions, adding; "So gratified am I with what I have seen of the methods and of the spirit of this Mohonk Conference that I cannot but hope that the day may soon come when that other weaker race, not of a quarter of a million, but of six millions, shall have some such annual assembly as this to consider its condition and to aid it to rise to the full stature of true American citizenship."

Mr. Smiley immediately arose from his seat, and, crossing over to General Hayes, asked him in an undertone if he would preside at a conference on the Negro question to be called at Mohonk the following spring, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, turned at once to the audience and announced that such a conference would be called the next June. Thus, almost in a moment, was born the Mohonk Negro Conference.

Two of these Conferences were held in 1890 and 1891. For various reasons it did not seem best to continue them. It was too far for Southern men to come except in small numbers, and it was the general impression that such a gathering should be nearer the heart of the difficulty. Besides, the Negroes themselves were discussing their own affairs, and perhaps it was best to let them win their own way to success. But the two Mohonk gatherings for the consideration of this question were wonderfully interesting occasions. In the first place, they were held in June, when the laurel was in flower and the hills were a sheet of glory. And into this scene of glory came one hundred and twenty men and women of the highest moral type, the strongest moral fiber. Like the early Apostles, they were of one heart and one mind. General Hayes presided both years. To stay his hand were General Armstrong, General John Eaton, General Whittlesey, men honored and loved, known no longer here save for the great and good things they stood for while on earth. Of that one hundred and twenty I can count forty-one personal friends whose names have the little star beside them that shows they have ascended.

There was William Lloyd Garrison, earnest and emphatic, sitting side by side with John Glenn, a cultured Southern gentleman, exchanging views at dinner, on the drives, and in the meetings. It was Mr. Glenn who said, near the close of the three days' Conference: "These days have been to me a revelation. It is the first time that I have ever felt that I could speak with utter freedom with Northern men, and that, notwithstanding our divergence of views, it was possible for us to interchange ideas with that mutual consideration without which the solution of any problem would be impossible. I can say without hesitation that, if the mind of the North and the mind of the South can be brought together outside of this parlor as they have come together within it, the Negro problem would be solved." This is as true to-day as when it was uttered twenty years ago.

There were teachers present who had devoted years to work among the colored people, like Miss Smiley, Miss Schofield, Miss Botume, and others who will long be remembered for the noble work they did and for the self-sacrifices they made. There were others who agreed with Andrew D. White when he said: "I have felt at times that I could kneel before them and kiss their feet for the noble work they are doing, for the self-sacrifices they are making."

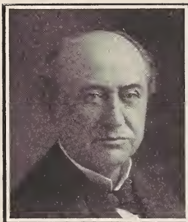
Though much stress then, as now, was laid on the value of the industrial education of the colored race, yet the Conference did not stop with the gospel of the tub and the broom. Higher education and professional training had stanch advocates in Dr. W. T. Harris, S. J. Barrows,

Dr. W. H. Ward, A. D. Mayo, and others who believed in the highest mental discipline for those able to take it. Philip Garrett of blessed memory was eloquent in pleading for the establishment of a postal savings bank as a stimulus to self-dependence and thrift on the part of the colored people, and Mr. Morris K. Jesup argued for the same virtue. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney paid a warm tribute to the bravery and patience of the Southern women who went into educational work for colored people "with an earnestness and zeal which . . . has hardly been surpassed even by our Northern teachers."

But why go on? One must read the two reports of these intensely interesting Conferences to understand how fine was the spirit, how warm the sympathy, how loyal the friends of the Negro, as seen those bright June days on the Shawungunk hills.

THE ARBITRATION CONFERENCE.

For three years the spring field lay fallow, but out of sight the seeds were germinating, and one beautiful June morning the soil parted and there sprang to life a tree which should bear fruit for the healing of the nations. At first it was like the Scripture mustard, but it has grown till now its branches spread toward all the heavens. This time international arbitration won the day. It was not national but international in its scope, and it looked forward to the glad day when nation should no longer rise against nation, but reason and justice should rule between them and the rumor of war should be heard in no land.



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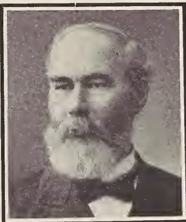


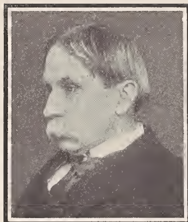
DR. B. F. TRUEBLOOD

Who that was there can forget the benedictory face of Mr. Smiley as he stood before the thirty or forty men and women that day in June of 1895 and welcomed them to the first Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration? It made one think of Moses when he came down from the mount and a great glow of inspiration made his face to shine before all the people. With a will they sang, Quakers and all, "The morning light is breaking"—sang, like the birds outside, with all their hearts, because, like Luther, they could no other. A wave of cheerful optimism carried their souls aloft, and it was not strange, for that prince of optimists Edward Everett Hale was there to lead them.

Mr. John B. Garrett was made presiding officer, and Mr. Smiley worded the object of the Conference—"To find means by which our own country may have all her disputes with foreign lands settled by arbitration, and bring other nations to join her as rapidly as possible." Dr.

B. F. Trueblood, then and now the leading spirit of the American Peace Society, spoke of the possibility of a great international tribunal for arbitration. Mr. Philip Garrett thought the time would come when there would be an international *court* which would be analogous to the Supreme Court for the civilized nations of the world, an idea which had once been advocated by William Penn. "Arbitration," he said, "I regard as a temporary submission of any question to a temporary arbitrator. A tribunal like the Supreme Court is permanent, and all matters are submitted to it without appeal." It was, however, Dr. Edward Everett Hale who took up his live-oak cudgel in behalf of this idea of an international tribunal of arbitration. "A permanent tribunal," he said; "I want to urge, first, second, last, and always, a permanent tribunal! That is the thing which, if I may use the expression of the street, must be 'rubbed into' the public mind. . . . I shall say those two words a hundred times, . . . for I wish that people may dream of it at night and think of it in the morning—one permanent tribunal to sit for a hundred years, rather than to have to make a new tribunal for each particular case. . . . It is not enough to sing, 'No war nor battle sound was heard the world around.' This thing is not to be settled by singing. It is going to be settled by a hard and fast system laid down in consequence of historical precedents, and in such a way that it may command the respect of the practical people in the world."

Thus at a leap the quiet plan of Mr. Smiley was exalted into one which towered aloft like



RICHARD W. GILDER

SETH LOW

the mast for wireless telegraphy, and like that it flung its message to the world.

A resolution was adopted asking the President of the United States to invite Austria, England, France, Germany, and Russia to join the United States in the establishment of a Permanent Tribunal of the highest character, to which might be submitted from time to time for arbitration questions arising between those Powers. The committee elected to carry this resolution to the President comprised Messrs. P. C. Garrett, M. E. Gates, Robert Treat Paine, A. K. Smiley, James Wood, and John B. Garrett. That President Cleveland did not give them audience, feeling that "already the subject had received at his hands the attention which circumstances demanded," as was reported at the next Conference, does not lessen the honor conferred on these messengers of peace. The chairman of that committee, that union of vigor and gentleness, and Mr. Paine, whose life was devoted to things

good and helpful, have joined the Prince of Peace, but the others are still active in the work for arbitration.

It should not be forgotten that in the early meetings of this Conference Mr. Smiley wisely included among his guests some of the best legal talent of the country, including many of the officers and members of the New York State Bar Association, and it is significant that on April 16, 1896—two years before the Czar called the first Hague Conference—that Association submitted to the President of the United States a memorial recommending the creation of an international court of arbitration, and submitting a plan for the constitution and procedure of such a court; and that this memorial was also placed in the hands of the Hon. Andrew D. White—America's chief representative at the first Hague Conference—to whose untiring efforts in the work of that Conference and loyal co-operation with the delegates from Great Britain may, more than is generally recognized, be due the establishment by the Conference of the permanent court of arbitration.

Before the second Conference the tiger blood of the Nation had leaped to life and there were growlings of a possible war with our nearest of kin across the sea, showing how greatly the general public needed education in a love of peace. Mr. Austin Abbott, whose silver voice had been hushed in death since the first Arbitration Conference, had recognized this, saying, "What is needed is that the children of the common schools should be taught the principles upon which this great object which we are seeking should rest,

and that the young men in our colleges should have the same instruction." Ever since then there have been organized efforts to secure such instruction, especially in colleges, and prizes for the best themes on arbitration have been given. There is at present in hundreds of colleges active work for peace and arbitration, the result of a continuous propaganda directed by the permanent office at Mohonk.

In spite of the disappointment at the failure of the treaty between Great Britain and our country, the Conference plucked up courage to act on its own behalf for peace, and a cablegram of congratulations was sent to Queen Victoria on her happy jubilee, with "the hope that peace between her land and ours may continue through all coming ages," to which an appropriate reply was received.

Another twelvemonth rolled round, and the country was under a shadow. Even the optimistic Dr. Cuyler asked, "Why in a time of war do we hold an arbitration conference?" replying to the question himself: "War is transient, but the grand principle of international arbitration is as permanent as the cliffs of Skytop." Colonel George E. Waring, the President that year, the Columbia professors John B. Clarke and E. R. A. Seligman, Dr. P. S. Moxom, and other leaders of thought were still hopeful, and hope was rewarded, for by the following year the first Hague Conference was in session, with one hundred members from twenty-six different countries, representing five-sixths of the population of the globe. Telegrams were exchanged, and the wave of glad sympathy sped over invisible wires be-

tween the "House in the Woods" at Mohonk and the regal one in Holland.

Year by year to this mount of vision came great and good men in larger numbers. Among them was that saint and seer Mozoomdar, the leader of the Brahmo-Somaj of India at that time. Like another Buddha he stood before the Conference, and his dreamy, musical voice still echoes: "From the land of meekness and gentleness I come. The march of your aggressive civilization, the tramp of your armies, the clash of your swords, the roar of your cannon, awake us for short moments from the trance of our meditation, but we relapse again into silence and into thought;" and he closed his appeal for peace with a Sanscrit line, "He who is girt with the sword of peace, what harm can the wicked do to him?" Another good man was Ainsworth R. Spofford, the librarian, who brought a quotation from Victor Hugo, who presided over the first international peace meeting of which there is record, in Paris, in 1849, when there were two thousand present, with twenty American delegates. England was represented on one occasion by Professor Rendel Harris, who referred to Mr. Smiley as being "privileged to exercise one form of the 'Imitatio Christi' which does not come to many—the privilege of saying, 'Come ye up into this mountain and rest apart.' " And hither came that unapproachable idealist Henry Demarest Lloyd, whose words for humanity still ring in our ears as his love beats in our hearts.

Many countries have been represented in these gatherings, and these distinguished foreigners have been delighted with the position granted to

women in the meetings, and one and all have expressed the desire that their own countrywomen might also work for peace and arbitration. Judge Brewer—always a stanch believer in the power of the mothers and wives of his country—assured these guests from other lands that women here are already bringing things to pass and that the influence of American women will be "outspoken and strong for the peaceful settlement of National disputes by arbitration rather than by war."

It is almost invidious to select a few names from the lists of hundreds who have attended these Conferences, but even a few will show how wide was the circle from which they were drawn, from Baron Takahira of Japan, Wu-Ting-Fang of China, to Senator Gamboa of Mexico, and our own Richard Watson Gilder, Carroll D. Wright, and many another whose names may never again appear on the list of guests at Mohonk.

The presiding officers during the sixteen years have been Judges Edmunds, Matteson, Stiness, Foster, and Gray, in addition to Messrs. Garrett and Waring and President Butler; while among the speakers have been many men like Ambassador Bryce, Andrew D. White, scholar and statesman, and F. W. Holls, historian of the first Hague Conference.

There has always been something to encourage, even when days have been dark, as when a million and a half dollars was given for a temple of peace at The Hague by the "Star-Spangled Scotchman," as some one wittily calls Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Within that temple Dr. Cuy-

ler declared there should be a tablet of the whitest marble on which should be written the name Albert Keith Smiley—to which the Conference cried, "Amen."

There have been dreams and plans for practical work, such as starting a periodical and organizing a peace crusade in schools and colleges. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger was among the leaders of the latter thought. He may well know the value of such systematic instruction, since he gathers more than a million and a quarter hearers into the school-houses of New York to listen to instructive lectures. By such means the common people can be reached—the people who, after all, hold in their hand the destiny of this mighty Nation.

A wise and continuous effort has been made to enlist business men and organizations in the arbitration movement, and about two hundred such clubs are now affiliated with the Conference, and the brisk, crisp speeches of these business men add much to the value of the sessions. Another practical outcome of this Conference was the inception, at Mohonk, of the American Society of International Law. This was first proposed by Dean George W. Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, and the permanent organization was completed in January, 1906.

The sixteenth Arbitration Conference was held last May. Perhaps no stronger evidence of the political power of this gathering could be given than the fact that the Hon. James Brown Scott, of the Department of State, was directed by Secretary Knox to announce the glad tidings, in advance of any other public statement, that the

proposed constitution of an international court of arbitral justice, which had been recommended to the Powers, had been received with so much favor that he looked for the establishment of such a court in the near future. This was a glorious culmination to fifteen years' devotion to the cause of arbitration.

Dr. Trueblood's review of all that has been accomplished in the way of peaceful decisions of impending trouble was very telling. A service in memory of King Edward the Peacemaker was held at the time of his funeral; in short, the last session of the Conference was impressive and helpful, serious in thought and brilliant with wit and oratory.

Fifteen years only since the forty men and women met to fly the white flag of peace from these sunlit hills! The snowy banner unfurled to the breeze that beautiful June day has passed from hand to hand and State to State and nation to nation till now it waves in many a land, but its resting-place will be over the arbitral court of justice which is to be "the final court of the world from whose judgment there can be no appeal."

It is, of course, impossible for any Conference to adjourn without a word of appreciation and gratitude for the munificent hospitality of the occasion. It is always a trying moment for the Smiley family, whose genuine modesty has never become bronzed by lavishly expressed thanksgiving. Having seen them sit patiently through this ordeal some thirty times, I shall seek to spare them the words of appreciation that would gladly flow from my pen. Let me rather close by quoting from the resolution offered by Mr. Barrows

in 1908. After an expression of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Smiley and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smiley, he said of the founder of the Conference: "We rejoice with him that in the autumn of his long and righteous labors in behalf of the Indian and in the cause of peace he is able to see the ripening sheaves of the seed he has sown. For him there can be no more glorious benediction than that which comes from the fulfillment of his prayer for international peace through international justice."

Though all the world knows what Mr. Smiley has done through these Conferences, too little is known of the man himself. There is not space here to tell of his whole life, but we may tell of four days, for he says that he has had four red-letter days in his long and happy life. The first was down in Maine, where he was born eighty-two years ago. He was brought up on a farm, getting his education in the village school, in the pasture and the woodland. One day the principal of the school advised him and his twin brother to study Latin and prepare for college. Latin it was, and while they chopped the year's supply of wood they learned by heart all the declensions and conjugations of the Latin grammar and Latin reader. It was straight sailing after that through Haverford College. This made him an educator in various schools for more than thirty years, a trustee of Bryn Mawr and Pomona Colleges and Brown University and of the New Paltz State Normal School. The second red-letter day, "and a great red-letter day it was," he says, was when he first met Miss Eliza Cornell, who for more than half a century has been the

beloved Mrs. Smiley. The third was the day he bought Mohonk and threw all his money into the venture and ran in debt for fourteen thousand more. That original purchase has been followed by sixty others, till the estate covers seven square miles, with roads and walks innumerable. The fourth red-letter day was the 8th of July, 1907, when their golden wedding was celebrated by this heavenly-minded pair and twelve hundred loving friends gave and dedicated to them a testimonial lodge and gateway through which the pilgrim must now pass to scale the heights of Mohonk.

Of the combined beauty and grandeur of Mohonk there is not room to speak. Unique in its setting, the lake has a charm quite its own, as has the great castle-like hostelry. But it is the spirit of the place which captivates each comer. Rocks, crags, lakes, valleys, panoramic views, exquisite flowers, and stately forests one may find elsewhere, but with them the combination of hospitality, genuine brotherhood, spiritual breadth, and courteous kindliness—from the boy in buttons to the snow-haired host—the world does not duplicate.

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